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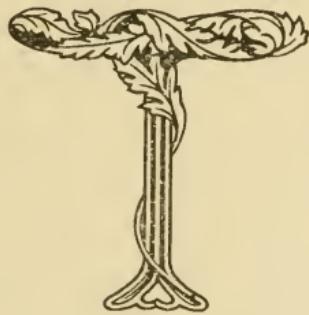
T OURING EUROPE ON TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS



Harold Cooper



Touring Europe on Two Hundred Dollars



SECOND EDITION

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COURTESY OF WHITE STAR-DOMINION S. S. CO.

S. S. LAURENTIC



SINCERELY YOURS,

HAROLD COOPER

The Voyage

We are indebted to Mr. Dooley for the remark, which is a criticism on education of a certain type, "Today the college president takes the young man into a Turkish room, and gives him a cigarette and says, "Now, my dear boy, what branch of l'arning would ye like to have studied for ye by one of our compitint professors?" "

One of the best means of education is travel. The man who is permitted to meet the various kinds of people who live under varied conditions gains an education which is foreign to the class room or college hall. Yet to most of us this privilege of travel is denied. The workshop, the farm, the business house or the home keeps us busy and Father Time does not permit us to travel. Or, perhaps, funds are limited. It is for the latter that this booklet conveys its message.

Most travelers hurriedly take the steamer at New York and sail directly out to the ocean. The most enjoyable way to me is by Niagara Falls and Quebec. Quebec stands upon a rocky prominence known as

Cape Diamond, and from its summit you look down upon the St. Lawrence and the St. Charles rivers while in the distance are seen the outlines of the Laurentian Mountains. Dickens visited this city and wrote "The impression made upon the visitor by this Gibraltar of America, its giddy heights, its citadel suspended as it were in the air, its picturesque steep streets, and the splendid views which burst upon the eye at every turn is at once unique and lasting. It is a place never to be forgotten." Here at this place where Montcalm and Wolfe fought for the supremacy of America we take our steamer. The gangway is drawn in, the gong is sounded, and the vessel steams down the river toward the Atlantic leaving our friends upon the shore, their handkerchiefs waving in the air.

Passing by little French-Canadian villages, or some little lighthouse built on a small pier, at last we reach the rocky coasts of Newfoundland or the Labrador, and then "we are out on the ocean sailing" with a voyage of three thousand miles before us. The steamer is like a floating palace for there are two thousand pas-

sengers aboard, and the deck is a huge playground where every nationality meets so that the voyage is not a lonely one. Impromptu concerts are arranged to cheer the evenings when the Scotchman sings "Annie Laurie," the Irishman "Killarney" the Englishman "Rule Britannia," and the American replies with "The Star Spangled Banner." We are kept in touch with land, with the daily newspaper, the news of which is secured by wireless telegraphy. Modern science has given three methods of safe-guarding life on the ocean. The air tight compartments which are closed automatically by the captain from the bridge. Then there is the submarine bell which tells of the approach of another vessel, and also the system of wireless telegraphy. Yes, it is quite safe on a modern ocean liner but one can not guarantee that it is always pleasant.

There are times of sadness even on the ocean. The winds will blow, the storms will dash the waves over the side of the vessel and the steamer though large will pitch and toss. How about the passengers? Well, they pitch and toss, too. With pale

faces they sit crouched in their chairs afraid they are going to die, until at last they begin to wish that they may die and thus end their unspeakable sufferings. The story is told of a man who was leaning over the side of the vessel contributing his share to the ocean at evening time, when the Captain approached and said, "Are you waiting for the moon to come up?" "Dear me, dear me," he replied, "does that have to come up too?"

At last we sight the coasts of Ireland, and ere long the steamer is anchored in the harbor of Queenstown where our witty Irish friends who have added mirth to the voyage are placed on board the little tender which comes alongside and in it carried to the "Emerald Isle."



England

Next morning the vessel is anchored by the St. Georges Landing Stage in Liverpool. This landing stage which is acknowledged to be the finest in the world, presents a spectacle worthy of attention. Mothers waiting for their sons who have been in the land of opportunity and are returning with their fortunes. Business men waiting to converse with their American agents concerning their speculations. All is hurry and worry. The meeting of friends, the passing of customs and the gathering of baggage.

We hurry to the station. No long corridor train awaits us; not a Pullman car in sight; only small compartment cars which are like the cabs of an American city. No conductor travels with the train and as the train left the city one of the porters locked our door. When the destination was reached to our surprise no one came to unlock the door and there was danger of being carried beyond our destination. We threw the baggage through the window and followed after it.

It is only a few miles from Liverpool to the castle known as Hawarden castle which was the home of William Ewart Gladstone. What a number who were born in the same year as this man. Tennyson, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Edgar Allan Poe, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Abraham Lincoln and last but not least, Gladstone. As a wise statesman, a brilliant writer and above all a man of fine Christian character he has become known to us as the "grand old man of the nineteenth century." His greatest opponent in the House of Commons was Benjamin Disraeli the Earl of Beaconsfield, who was a Jew by birth. At one time a sneering remark was made about Disraeli's Jewish ancestry. He slowly arose and said, "The man across the house has sneeringly said that I am a Jew. I am a Jew, but I would have the honorable gentleman to remember that while his ancestry were naked savages on the banks of the Thames, mine were kings and priests in Solomon's temple." Such was the man who opposed Gladstone, but in spite of such opposition he bravely stood his ground and now his name is among the most beloved in Eng-

land. Two hours on the train and we are nearing Stratford on Avon the home and birthplace of the immortal Shakespeare. The house where the poet was born is still shown to wondering tourists who listen to the many incidents which are related by the guides who speak in parrot-like tones. After reading the dramas of this bard, especially the love story of Romeo and Juliet one can not help but wonder how the poet courted his beautiful Anne Hathaway. The cottage where she lived is the admiration of all. Lovers of Shakespeare may attend the plays in the Shakespeare Memorial theatre where talented actors bring to life the characters portrayed in his writings.

This is the very center of England and many delightful excursions may be arranged from this place. Not far away stand the ruins of Kennilworth made famous by the writings of Sir Walter Scott, or one may go to Warwick castle which is also in this locality. Among the peaks of Derbyshire there are two delightful halls which we can not afford to miss. Passing through ideal English scenery,

farms carefully cultivated and hills covered with trees, we reach the residence of the Duke of Devonshire known as Chatsworth Hall. This is considered to be the most beautiful mansion in England. Surrounded by parks in which deer abound it is

“A thing of beauty and a joy forever.”

Visitors are permitted to inspect the grounds under the leadership of a guide. Our guide led us to a weeping willow tree and called our attention to the fact that it bore no leaves though all the other trees were rich with foliage. We assembled under the tree when lo from every branch there poured forth a stream of water. It was a tree made of steel and every branch was connected with the main waterpipe. What spluttering! What laughter! It is needless to say that if ever you visit Chatsworth Hall you will beware of the weeping willow tree. It is only five miles from Chatsworth to Haddon Hall. Probably you have read the book entitled, “Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall.”

In the banqueting room our attention is called to a little iron bracket. This was

used in the “days of merrie England” when knights and others would gather in this hall as guests of the owner. Should a guest refuse to drink his quantity of liquor his arm was fastened to this bracket and the liquor which he refused to pour down his throat was poured down his sleeve. It was homes like Chatsworth and Haddon which prompted Mrs. Hemans to write:

“The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land.
The deer across their greenward bound,
Through shades and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the
sound
Of some rejoicing stream.”

Reaching London we are greeted at the station by the cry, “Han'som, Sir!” The man does not mean to flatter us, nor is he telling us an untruth, simply asking if we desire a han'som cab to convey us to the hotel in the city. In this gondola of the London streets we pass down Fleet street

by Temple Bar until we come to the very heart of London in Trafalgar square. What is that great monument rising one hundred and forty-five feet in the air? The English school boy proudly tells that it is in memory of Nelson the hero of Trafalgar. It was off Cape Trafalgar that Nelson defeated the plans of Napoleon. In the heat of the battle Nelson was killed, but not until he had signalled the finest sentiment ever signalled from the mast of a flagship, "England expects every man this day to do his duty." Around this monument are seen four bronze lions, the emblem of this aggressive nation while in the background may be seen the buildings of the National Art Gallery.

The three most attractive places to me are the Tower of London, St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey. The Tower of London has served many purposes. At one time it was a royal residence, at another it was used as a prison, now it is a sort of military barracks. Around it as a prison most of its interest lies. Here Richard the Second resigned his crown. Here the two boys, Edward

the Fifth and Richard of York, were smothered and buried under the stairs of the White Tower. It was here that Sir Walter Raleigh wrote his history of the world while undergoing imprisonment.

The crown jewels are now kept in one of the buildings and visitors may see these gems which are beyond human comprehension in value. The guards of these jewels are popularly called "Beef-eaters" and generally selected from among the "Soldiers of the king" who have fought in the wars. It is not far from the tower of London to St. Paul's Cathedral and instead of taking the "Han'som cab" we travel on one of the old fashioned omnibuses for which London is noted. In fact the best way to see London is from the top of an omnibus especially if seated near the driver who will point out the places of interest to the stranger. These relics of eighteenth century travel soon bring us to the famous Cathedral of St. Pauls. A huge Gothic structure so magnificent that words fail us in an attempt to describe. Built in 1710 it stands as a monument to the remarkable architectural ability of Sir Christopher

Wren. At a cost of over fifteen million dollars this Cathedral reveals the strength of English Episcopalianism.

Passing through its spacious doors we are amazed at its magnificence. With glowing language and eloquent voice we might speak of its mighty columns. We might paint a word picture of the reredos with which the altar is decorated, but after eloquent and glowing description one has failed to do it justice. It is the finest piece of architecture in the city of London and while it will not compare with St. Peters at Rome yet it is a sanctuary of which London might well be proud. From St. Paul's we journey on the omnibus down Ludgate Hill toward the famous London Bridge. Here the citizen of no mean city is actually seen. It is market time and the bridge is crowded with hundreds who are hurrying to the near-by market with their produce. And what a medley of strange voices falls upon our ear. Each salesman is doing all in his power to sell his wares and the air is filled with cries of every description. "Chestnuts all 'ot, a penny a score." "Tuppence a pound grapes." "Who'll buy

a bonnet for fourpence?" "Three a penny, Yarmouth Bloaters." Thus do the toiling masses of London strive and battle for the common necessities of life. Along the Thames Embankment from London Bridge we wind our way to the Houses of Parliament. Through avenues of trees we pass a long line of splendid buildings. The greenery of the Temple Gardens, the noble lines of Somerset House, the bold span of Blackfriars bridge, and at last the Houses of Parliament, all presenting the eye with a view of the magnificence of this the richest city on earth.

Across the street from the Houses of Parliament may be seen the famous Abbey of Westminster. To a student of history there is nothing more inspiring than a view of this grand old abbey. Every step teems with historical illustrations. In one of its little chapels you may see with but half a dozen steps the graves of Charles the Second, William and Mary and Queene Anne and her consort, Prince George. And all around are great Lords, illustrious statesmen, famous soldiers and renowned poets. Pitt, Fox, Burke, Newton, Wilberforce and

Gladstone—names forever glorious—are here enshrined in the greatest sepulchre on earth. Our feet tread softly as encircled by these hallowed walls we pace in solemn meditation,

“Through rows of warriors and through walls of kings.”

In the south transept is the poet’s corner. Here monuments are placed to the memory of men like Shakespeare, Tennyson and Burns.

We love to stand before that one which commemorates the American poet Longfellow.

Still this city with its splendid memorials and its magnificent buildings presents a background which few cities can equal. Of its six million inhabitants there are two million for whom it is little better than a prison or a workhouse. In this pleasure-loving city there are one hundred and thirty thousand paupers. Though hours of toil are many yet there are thousands of families earning less than 50 cents per day. Over five hundred thousand

homeless wanderers and twenty thousand beggars belong to this the richest city in the world, and every night in this cruel place six thousand persons sleep in the open air. It is estimated that opportunities are so poor that one person in every five in the city of London will die either in the workhouse, the hospital or the lunatic asylum.

“Hoarsely they beg of fate,
A little lightening of their woe,
A little time to love, to live,
A little time to think and know.”

One of the saddest aspects is the miserable remuneration paid for much of its strenuous labor. An appalling sight may be seen every night in the neighborhood of Piccadilly circus. Perhaps it was this scene that caused one of England’s poets to call London “A city very much like hell.” An incident is called to mind which happened in connection with a church in this city. A party of boys was taken from the slums out into God’s open air into the green fields. They had never seen grass

before. One boy caught a butterfly. It was carefully placed in a box for the night. Next morning he crept very anxiously to the box where the butterfly was kept. What a disappointment it was! He had never seen a butterfly before, and he had expected to see a pad of butter with a cow sitting on top.

Ere leaving England we must visit Windsor castle and from there go to the old church at Stoke Pogis. It was in this church yard that Gray wrote his "Elegy in a country church yard," the poem which has made his name immortal. For seven years the poet worked on this poem and many are ready to concede to it the first place in English literature. It is said that the night before the capture of Quebec Wolfe, the English general, read this poem to the soldiers as they were gathered around the camp fire, and then said, "I would rather be the author of that poem than capture Quebec."

France

Paris is the city of pleasure. We have left behind us the city of commerce on the banks of the Thames. But in Paris we leave dull care and follow the goddess of pleasure as she leads us to shrines where we gladly worship. The first place that the traveler seeks in this city is the Place de la Concorde. One could hardly conceive of a finer or more beautiful place in Europe. On one hand are the Gardens of the Tuileries, before us the bridge across the Seine, while on every side are beautiful buildings and lovely gardens. Though we call it the Place de la Concorde or the Place of Peace one can not forget the terrible scenes which have been enacted on this square. It was formerly called the Place de la Revolution owing to the fact that many of the awful incidents in connection with the French revolution happened there. The names of Marie Antoinette and Louis the Fifteenth flash through our minds as we stand in this square, the center of Paris. The hideous guillotine was the center of attraction in those days, for thousands of the

nobles of France were executed in the Place de la Concorde. If these silent stones could only speak, their stories would not be of love, but of war and blood, and adorn the place as we will, nothing can wash away the memory of this hideous past.

The student of art quickly finds his way from this spot full of such gloomy associations to the palace of art known as the Louvre. In this gallery one could walk all day through long rows of artistic paintings by the best artists of the old world and the new. Now you stumble upon a Raphael or a Titian, again you are confronted with the works of Corregio or Murillo. There are two gems which strongly appealed to us. One was the painting of the "Immaculate Conception" by Murillo. It remains like a photograph flashed upon the film of the mind and one can easily wish that it may never fade away.

The second gem is that of the Venus de Milo. Until the year 1820 this statue was buried among the ruins on the island of Melos in the Mediterranean. At first glance one is apt to be disappointed. Father time has left his marks upon the statue,

but the second visit amply repays, for then you begin to notice the delicate curves, and at last you worship as an admirer of the art which belongs to the past.

It is evening time and we take a drive along the charming boulevards of this pleasure-loving city. How naturally we tell the driver to take us along the Champs Elysees to the park of the Bois de Boulong. "Can this be paradise," you exclaim. You lean back in your carriage and breathe in the refreshing air as you pass by the Arch de Triomphe. How easy it is to dream of Napoleon. You can not separate his name from Paris and though the city is teeming with gaiety and life, still the memory of the lonely prisoner on the Island of St. Helena will cross the mind. Accordingly we instruct our cabby in our broken French to take us to the Tomb of Napoleon. It is now the twilight of the evening, and as we enter this place a bluish light casts its glow over where the tomb of the soldier of fortune is seen. Me thinks that should that cold dead form be animated with life that all France would follow his banner, for though we question

his integrity, still we must remember that never was France so close to being the conqueror of the world as when the Corsican led her armies to war and to victory.

Every great city points with pride to its Cathedrals and churches. One city vies with another in presenting to the wondering eye the ideal sanctuary for the worship of God.

But there is something different about the church of the La Madeleine. You are reminded of Athens and the Acropolis. Its style is Grecian, being built in the form of a Greek temple with a splendid colonnade around it of fifty-two Corinthian pillars. Colossal statues of saints adorn the niches in the walls, while the sculptured pediment on the southern front is the largest in existence.

But inseparably connected with Paris is the church of Notre Dame. It stands upon an island in the Seine at which place the present city of Paris was born. The old bell ringer, "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" may not be seen, though immortalized by Victor Hugo, but let the mind wander and lo there comes an array of kings

and nobles. It is to Paris what Westminster Abbey is to London. Magnificent weddings and great funerals mark its history. Humanity has been wedded and has closed its eyes in death, but still this old church stands with its cross pointing to heaven and to God.

But all is not gold that glitters. Paris is the City Beautiful but our memories are carried to the hotel keeper who took care of us or rather our money while viewing this city. It was the day of departure and in dignified manner we called for the bills with the various items enumerated. This was our first experience with foreign hotel keepers and we were greenhorns from a world across the sea. What is this item and that? But explanation was not forthcoming until at last we demanded the presence of the interpreter. Even this man seemed unwilling to unravel the mysteries of a hotel bill until we insisted so that he could not refuse. "O, that item is for wine," he said. Wine? When did we consume any wine? O, you remember the night when you went driving, the hotel keeper came into the cab and went with

you." We did not invite him and would rather have had him stay at home. Occasionally he went to a cafe and ordered wines for himself and lo! to our astonishment he had charged this item on our bills. Whether he had been in an American cyclone before or not can not be stated, but he certainly got the full benefit of one that day. But he who laughs last laughs best. We did not pay for the wine, but as we called for the cab we ordered him to take us to a station in one part of the city. but just as we were starting the interpreter called another station in the French language so that two of our friends were taken several miles out of their way. And the joke is greater when we remember that in Paris you pay for the distance you ride. These cabs are called taximeter cabs and a little clock registers the amount to be paid according to the distance.

Paris boasts of the finest opera house in the world. It is seen in the distance as you walk down the Avenue de la Opera. This is the meeting place for this music-loving city. Not far from the city and certainly worthy of a visit is the Palace of

Versailles. Buckingham Palace and Chatsworth Hall fade in comparison with this mansion and former residence of royalty. It was at this place where the beautiful Marie Antoinette won and lost the esteem of the people of France. The Bourbon lilies grew to perfection in Versailles until they were ruthlessly plucked by the cruel hands of the revolutionists. It is easy to picture Marie Antoinette walking along these lanes with minature lakes, the green grass, and the stately trees on every side.



Switzerland

Leaving Paris and La Belle France behind we are hurried in our little train to the Alps and Switzerland. We enter this meeting place of tourists through the city of Lausanne on the banks of Lake Geneva.

Now we are surrounded by mountains covered with snow in the midst of summer, when the lake is like a mirror reflecting the noble lines of the monarchs of the alps.

On one side we recognize the Castle of Chillon which has been immortalized by the poet, Byron. It is easy to bring to mind the words of the poet as in this place

“My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white in a single night,
As men’s have grown from sudden fears.”

Then looking from the cell of this prisoner we notice

“Lake Leman lies by Chillon’s walls,
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow.”



VIEW OF LUGANO



LAKE OF NEUCHATEL, SWITZERLAND



INNER AROSA, SWITZERLAND

It is a joy to travel in this land of mountains and lakes. All the citizens seem to combine in an effort to make your vacation delightful. The railroads are clean and safe, the hotels are among the finest in the world, the people are honest and reliable while even the Almighty has fashioned the country and made the ideal place for a vacation. It is not necessary for us to walk the rugged paths to the summit of the mountain. Man's ingenuity has mastered this difficulty and we take our seats in the little trains and for a time we are ascending the mountain side while the engine puffs its steam into the air in its perilous journey.

How many excursions we can take. Here is Mt. Pilatus smiling down on the Lake of Lucerne. Then we must go to Interlaken and the Grindlewald Glacier. But we selected the little village of Zermatt while in this land of mountains. The approach to Zermatt is on one of the cog and pinion railroads which wind around and around past deep chasms, snow white mountains until at last a sharp turn is made and behold then the Matterhorn, the mon-

arch of the Alps. From our hotel window could be seen this King in his beauty, whose hoary head was crowned with perpetual snow. It is evening time, and you have wrapped yourself in your coats, for it is cold. The moon is shining as you walk the narrow, quaint old streets, gazing in rapture and wonder upon this beautiful scene.

“The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one,
Yet the light of the bright world dies,
With the setting sun!

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done!”

Be that as it may, there is something about the dim twilight of the evening which appeals to the heart when surrounded with such an environment as this. There are those who say that there is no God. But how can one withhold worship in the presence of such manifestations of His power? One is tempted to think of the old Methodist

preacher who preached in his church from the text, "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." He said there are three points to the text. First, What he said, "There is no God." Second, where he said it. "In his heart." And third, "Why he said it." "Because he was a fool."



Italy

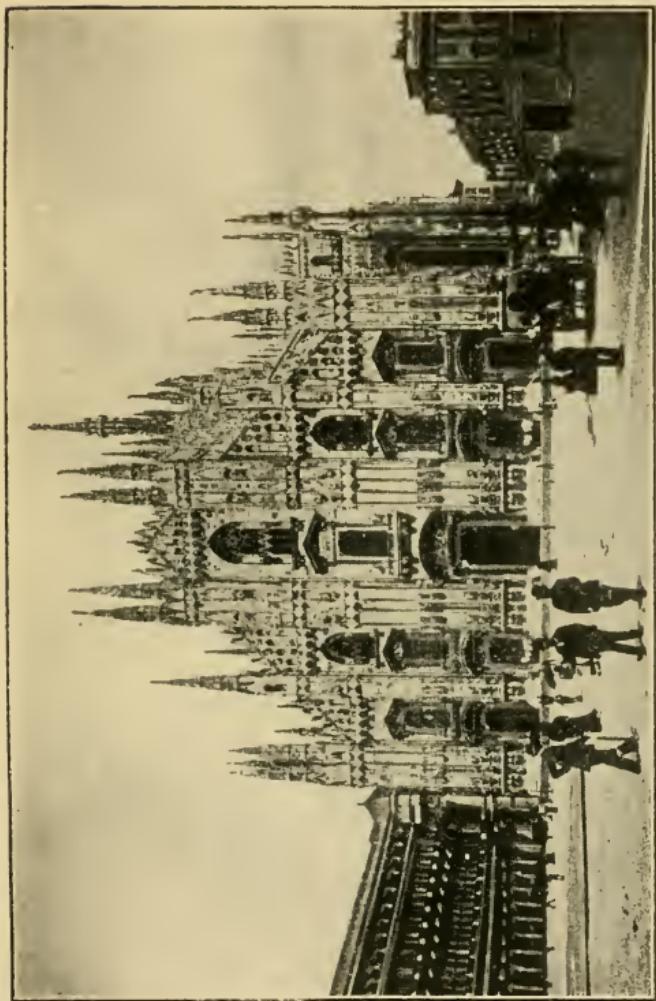
Over the Alps lies Italy, and you may either go through the Alps or you may take the longer way of driving in a carriage. Two great tunnels have been excavated and a quick passenger train will speedily bring you under Italian skies. These tunnels have been excavated at an enormous cost and are known as the St. Gotthard and the Simplon tunnels, but we decided, and wisely so, to take the road over the Alps. A private carriage was hired and with three horses the journey was commenced over the Simplon Pass which is considered to be the most beautiful. Leaving the hotel in the valley soon after sunrise, the splendid road wound around the mountain until after traveling several hours we still seemed to be just above the little village from which the start was made. Now passing Swiss waterfalls, and again, though the last day of July, snow was thrown at each other for amusement. It seemed at times that we were going up into the clouds and in fact the rare privilege was enjoyed of watching a thunder storm below in the val-

ley from above the storm clouds. The carriage stopped at a splendid Swiss hotel at the summit after journeying about twenty miles, and four hungry people went into the dining room ready for a good hearty meal. Though so far from the base of supplies they served a splendid course dinner for the small sum of four francs, or eighty cents in American money. One can not help but praise Switzerland for its good hotels. Go where you will you discover large airy rooms, good cooking and all at reasonable prices.

I wandered around the hotel after lunch. A man was attending to the horses and we found that he could speak broken English. "You from America?" he said. "Me been to America; me only get sixty cents per day here; me get \$1.75 in Pittsburg; me go back to Pittsburg this fall." American wages is the honey pot which draws the European flies. The journey was resumed after the horses had rested and now began the descent into sunny Italy. On one side was one of the Hospices for travelers where the monks abide and one could almost see the dogs in imagi-

nation which go out to seek for men who have lost their way in the snow. The carriage passed through long narrow ravines where it seemed as though the rocks would fall upon us, then again we saw the results of an avalanche which seemed as though half of a mountain had been carried away some two or three miles. At last tired, but happy, we reached the quaint little place in Italy called Dommodossala. "Can this be a sample of Italian hotels," we said as we were seated at the table in the hotel in this village! Our hearts sank within us. O, the smell of garlick! It was in everything. You could smell it in the rooms—nay, even the atmosphere seemed to be charged with those spicy garlick smells. "Can this be sunny Italy of which we have dreamt?" A sigh of relief escaped as we reached our fine hotel in the city of Milan next day. It was a large, well built place and the service was all that could be desired. Our time was limited so we went to see the famous Cathedral which is said to be the largest in the world and to hold over forty thousand people.

But we must leave it behind us; for is

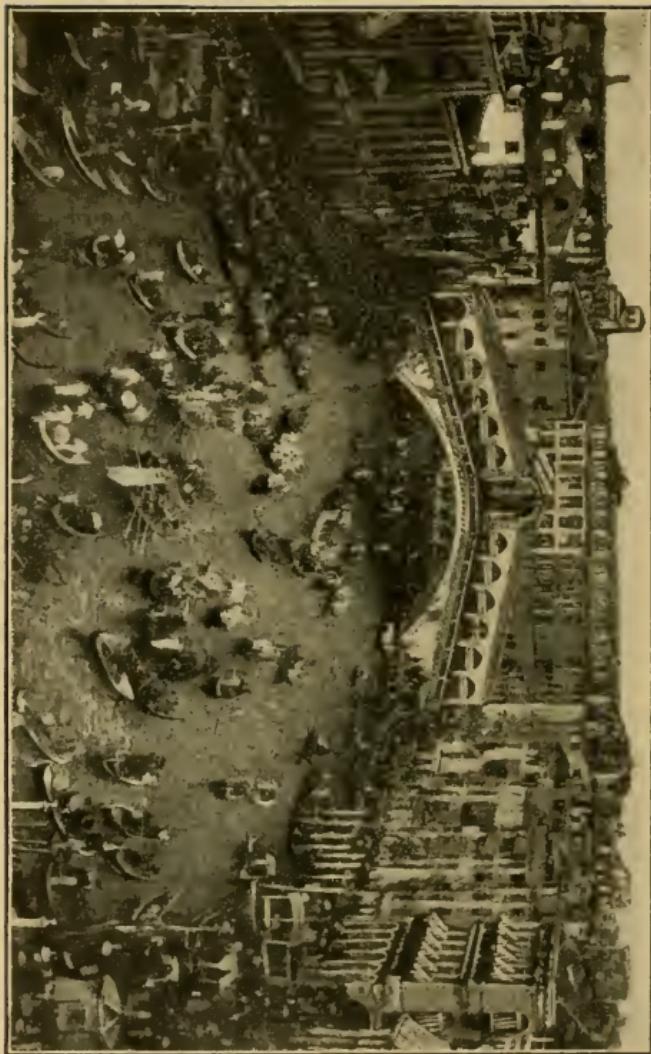


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THE CATHEDRAL MILAN

COURTESY OF NORTH GERMAN LLOYD S. S. CO.

THE RIALTO, VENICE



not fair Venetia, the Queen of the Adriatic, awaiting us? A few hours on the train and then we approached this city of waters. At the entrance to the station the gondola is ready and our baggage being placed in one end, we sink back to dream of the days when this city of canals was in its glory. Ah, there is a familiar sight. It is the bridge of the Rialto. We pass underneath, holding our nostrils for we are near the fish market, and ere long we are taken to the bay and the entrance to the grand canal where we find rooms awaiting us.

The best time to enjoy Venice is in the twilight of the evening. Then you can not see the marks that Father time has drawn across its old palaces. You tell your gondolier to take you out to the bay. He knows your wish and gracefully and swiftly brings the black gondola to a large music boat in the center of the bay. By and by other gondolas come alongside until perhaps there are about thirty tied to the music boat. Then you lean back with "dreamful eyes, under the walls of paradise." The rich soft voices of the seno-

ritas sound like music from a heavenly shore as you listen to it on the bay at Venice. There is a pause in the music and we call out, "Can you sing Il Trovatore? We want La Miserere." The violins are tuned and the others fall into harmony and then the beautiful singer sang those rich strains from that masterpiece o' music by Verdi. In the distance were the lights of this venetian city, the calm Italia breeze blew softly upon our cheeks, and our minds wandered to that heavenly shore of which we read in the good old Book.

In Italy one must never pay the price asked. They would think you foolish if you did. The Italian loves to bargain. And if you wait long enough you will probably purchase the article you desire at about fifty per cent of the price asked. I saw a pretty knife with a pearl handle, several blades and a scissors. How much? "Seven francs" was the reply. "I will give you three francs and a half." "Oh, no! impossible!" he replied. Then we commenced to go, but before we had left the little store he offered me the knife for

exactly what I had offered. Three francs and a half, or seventy cents.

Our next stop is at Florence. Every city which we visit has a distinct personality. The city of commerce is either New York or London, Paris is the city of pleasure, but Florence is the city of art. How easy it is to sit on the hill of San Miniato and dream. You draw a circle on the ground with your magic wand. You boil your caldron on the fire of sticks and uttering wild incantations your mind is bewitched until the past comes before your eyes and you see the men who have made Florence so to be desired. Here is Dante and you can see him as he falls in love with the beautiful Beatrice dressed in noble crimson. You listen to his sonnets of love as his very soul is uplifted by the beauty and nobility of her character, for Beatrice was to Dante what Highland Mary was to Robert Burns.

But Dante is not alone in this city of art. It was here that Michael Angelo took that piece of marble which was thrown away and from it brought forth that masterpiece known as David, still to be seen in

the Academy of Arts. Then you think of Leonardo de Vinci and Fra Angelico and a host of others who have made this city glorious. But that lonely figure of Savonorola stands before me, the martyr saint of Florence. My mind wanders through George Eliot's "Romola" and I see the man who preached Jesus Christ as the King of Florence. The treacherous Tito wins the heart of the queen of the Villa de Bardi. And at last the man who has been scorned seizes his victim on the banks of the river. The square is hideous with the cries of the populace as the preacher of San Marco, Savonorola, is burned at the stake in this city of art.

"But humanity sweeps onward, where to-day the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into history's golden urn."

And now the visitor is shown the Palace Vecchio where this saint was imprisoned before his martyrdom. In the Uffizzi Palace there is a room called the Tribune, in which are seen priceless gems of art. Here is seen the rival of the queen of the Louvre the "Venus de Medici," and the wall is covered with works of art of which we have read from childhood's day.

Near the hotel is the church of Santa Croce and no visitor can afford to miss this place for many of the noblest of Florentines are buried here. The statue of Dante adorns the place in front. No wonder that Mrs. Browning desired to be buried in this city surrounded by such names as those which are read upon these memorials. It is with reluctance that we leave Florence behind. "We bid thee farewell, O Florence, but time may come and time may go, but never from our hearts will be effaced the memory of thy glory. Nestling like a diamond in a necklace of jewels thy beauty doth outshine them all, and to the tired mind of man weary of the roar and toil of life thy life is like sweet rest, refreshing and uplifting."

"We, wearing but the garland of a day,
Cast at thy feet one flower that fades
away."

And then comes Rome. The Rome of the Ceasers, the eternal city. Sometimes we have trouble at the depot to get our tickets. We can not speak Italian and the agent can not speak English. We are like the Irishman who had never traveled on a train. He did not know how to purchase a ticket so he followed a lady. He saw her place her money before the agent and say, "Maryhill, single," that is she wanted a ticket one way to Maryhill. Pat followed and placing the money before the agent said, "Patrick Murphy, married."

We had three engines on the train going to Rome, but as we ascended the hill we stopped and a message had to be sent to the city for a fourth engine to pull the train into the city. There is so much to see in Rome that one can only take a hurried glance. The old Tiber rolls on in spite of the changes that occur all around. One would expect Rome to be a city of Ruins, but while the ruins are to be seen in the

Forum or on the Palatine Hill yet Rome is modern in every respect. It was in this city that I sought out a barber to cut my locks. At last I found a place which looked good and I signed to the man at the chair that I desired to have my hair cut. The problem then was to tell him that I did not want much taken off, but in spite of my signs he failed to understand. At last in desperation I called for the scissors and cutting a long hair and a short one I laid them side by side and pointed to the short one thinking that he would understand that I did not want much cut off. Then I leaned back in contentment, but horrors! He had misunderstood the sign and taken it to mean that I desired a great deal cut off in some places and not much in others. So when he got through I discovered that I had a corrugated roof.

As the Place de la Concorde is the center of Paris so St. Peter's Square is the center of Rome. We had seen churches and cathedrals everywhere and were somewhat tired of them, but entering the famous Cathedral of St. Peter's we held our breath with amazement. Other cathed-

rals revealed the marks of age. Those in London were covered with a kind of soot. Even Notre Dame in Paris was dark and dismal. St. Mark's at Venice, was almost dilapidated with its uneven floor, but this one at Rome looked as though it had just been completed. The approach to the Cathedral is magnificent. On each side are curving colonnades reminding one of a Grecian city. Westminster Abbey is the burial ground of kings. St. Peter's is the burial place of Popes, and the great treasure which this Cathedral guards is that of the tomb of the fisherman to whom Jesus said, "Thou are Peter and upon this rock I will build my church." Whether this is the actual body of Peter is a disputed question. In one part of the Cathedral there is a bronze statue of the Apostle and almost the entire toe has been kissed away by those who have come from afar to worship in this place.

It is surprising how cheap one can ride in a cab in an European city. You can cross the city for a quarter and cabs are found everywhere. From St. Peter's we drive to the Coliseum. If a ruin may be called

beautiful then this deserves that description. It is quite a leap from the present to the past when this mighty building was the theatre of ancient Rome. But our interest is awakened in the fact that here numberless martyrs gave their lives to attest their faith in their Lord. From those underground passages the lions were loosed which quickly ended the sufferings of the men, women and children while the pleasure loving populace came near to "see how a Christian can die." The gladiators of old Rome pass into oblivion, their achievements are small, we do not think of them, but our minds are full of the days when Nero lighted his gardens on the Palatine Hill with human torches made of the bodies of those who followed the Galilean peasant. The Coliseum is as distinct and different from any other buildings seen in the city. But equally interesting is the Roman Forum which is in the same neighborhood. The great enjoyment of these places is to realize history. To think of those men and women who have played their part upon the stage of life and then departed, and standing in the Forum how many are the

names that come. One imagines the entrance of Ceaser or some other great general in his chariot coming along the Appian way drawn by four white horses and at last passing beneath an arch of triumph coming into the heart of the city as a conqueror admired by the populace. For the story of these ruins is the story of military achievements, and the days when Rome was in her glory pass through the mind.

In the same court yard as our hotel was an old palace called the Rospigliosi Palace. In one of the rooms of this old palace is the ceiling upon which is painted the "Aurora." Among the crowd in the palace was a young man from an American college. What a college boy can not think about is not worth thinking about. This young man was hunting souvenirs and when we were in the catacombs he managed to appropriate a tooth which had probably been in the mouth of some Christian martyr. At the palace we were all looking at this beautiful picture. The silence in the room could be felt though there were about twenty Americans there. At last with a feeling of reverence caused by

admiration for the "Aurora" we turned to a fine painting of "Adam and Eve in the Garden." Eve was giving to Adam what seemed to be an apple. The silence was broken by the boy who in guttural tones said, "Well, I guess she is handing him a lemon." American slang can be heard even in Rome. In fact when driving around the Coliseum we were annoyed by a small Italian boy who was selling postcards. In spite of our repeated "No," he still persisted in asking us if we wanted to buy postcards. At last one of the party in desperation called out "Skidoo." Now this was something that he could understand, and pointing his small finger to us he replied in a squeaky voice, "Twenty-three for you." He had become acquainted with that much American slang.

Our vessel sails in three days and we have still to see Naples. See Naples and die! Yes, there is danger of dying as a result of seeing this city. One moment you are in raptures over the setting of this jewel of Southern Italy, you rave over its bay with Vesuvius in the distance, then you are gathering your garments around you

to escape the dirt which is seen on every side. At Naples they protest if you take your coat off in a street car, yet the children are often seen on the streets with only a garment of tan, though sometimes the color is much darker reminding one of the southern cotton fields. A peculiar thing about Naples is that the milkmen are not allowed to deliver milk. They must take the goats along with them and milk in the presence of the customer. We saw a herd of goats at one of the houses in one of the narrow streets. A lady lowered a bottle from a window of the third story. The man milked into the bottle, though how he managed to do it I can not say, and finally tied the string to the neck of the bottle and the lady hauled it back again. Watered milk is unknown in that city of Naples. Naples is a center for a number of excursions. Capri, the Blue Grotto and Pompeii. We had visited Pompeii before, under the leadership of Bulwer Lytton. We had seen the blind Nydia selling her flowers to the rich young men of this city, but now we were permitted to see it in reality. Yet how silent are its streets.

No sounds of children playing, but a depressing quietness pervades the atmosphere. It is the city of dreadful night, and we look up in wonder to the volcano so still at present which had suddenly enveloped this city with a cloud of ashes and lava, and which had hidden it for centuries. The words of Thomas Buchanan Read come to us as we wander around Naples or sail on the bay:

“My soul today,
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian bay;
My winged boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote.

Far vague and dim,
The Mountains swim,
While on Vesuvius’s misty rim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands,
O’er looking the volcanic lands,

Here Ischia smiles,
O’er liquid miles,
While yonder, bluest of the isles
Calm Capri waits,
Its sapphire gates
Beguiling to its bright estates.”

Expenses

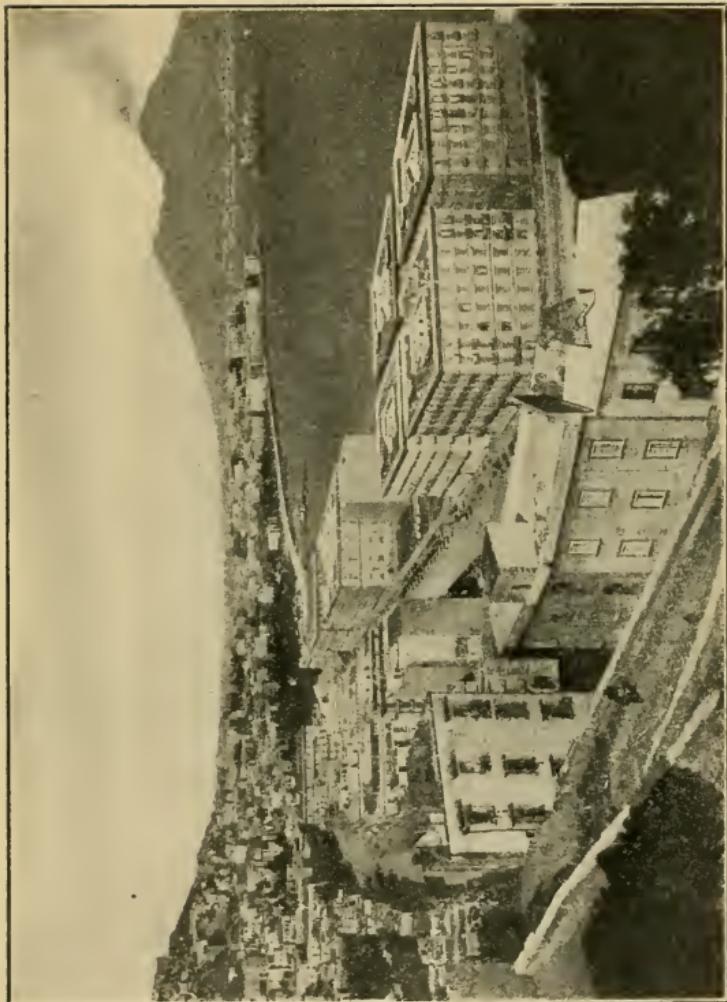
But our vessel is now in the bay. We bid farewell to our hotel and to Sunny Italy for now we must journey back to the land of the brave and the home of the free. We sit on the deck as the vessel steams across the Medditeranean and we take our note books to see how much we have paid for this delightful trip.

The first money saved was on the steamer by traveling in the second cabin. The very best class of people were our companions, school teachers, ministers and professional men.

Quebec to Liverpool.....	\$ 47.50
Railway Liverpool to London, via Shakespeare's land	4.10
London to Paris, via Newhaven...	6.40
Paris to Lausanne, Switzerland...	5.30
Lausanne to Milan, Italy.....	3.15
Mountain railway from Visp to Zermatt and return.....	5.75
(This mountain trip is to the Matterhorn.)	
Milan, Italy, to Venice.....	4.33
Venice to Florence, via Bologna..	4.60

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THE BAY OF NAPLES



COURTESY OF NORTH GERMAN LLOYD S. S. CO.

PROMENADE DECK SCENE



Florence to Rome.....	4.90
Rome to Naples and Pompeii.....	4.70
Naples to New York, via Gibralter	57.50
A forty mile drive over the Alps from Switzerland	4.25
<hr/>	
Total steamship and railway fares amounted to.....	\$152.48

This was made possible by second cabin accommodations on the steamers and by traveling second class on the continent of Europe and third class in England, which is the way that most Americans travel when abroad. There are three classes and the average foreigner travels in the third class.

Now as to hotels, etc. We avoided the hotels, because we found that in the pensions we could get very fine service at much more reasonable rates. Perhaps a few of these pensions might be listed here. They are private boarding houses of the very best kind:

London. The Benson, 34 Guilford St., near British Museum.

Paris. Pension Govars, Rue Lalo, Boulevard Lannes.

Zermatt. Pension Breithorn, Zermatt, Switzerland.

Venice, Italy, Pension Gregory, Palace Barbarigo, Grand Canal.

Florence. The Jennings, Riccioli.

Rome. Pension Boos, 185, via Nazionale.

Naples. Pension Pinto-Storey, Piazza Amedeo.

All of these are good, and those in Italy exceptionally good. The splendid service had proved to be a constant surprise, and the menu was excellent. Our pension bill had reduced the cost of the trip so much that we held our breath with delight as we looked at the following figures:

2 days in Shakespeare Country, \$1.50 per day.....	\$ 3.00
5 days in London.....	7.50
5 days in Paris, \$1.40 per day....	7.00
4 days in Zermatt, \$1.40 per day..	5.60
1 day at Milan.....	1.50
3 days in Venice, \$1.40 per day...	4.20
3 days in Florence.....	4.20
7 days in Rome, \$1.20 per day.....	8.40
4 days in Naples.....	4.80
<hr/>	
Total	\$46.20

The trip consumed practically two months, and the steamers and rail and pensions all combined totaled \$198.68. We had succeeded in making a tour of Europe for two hundred dollars. The prices have advanced a little on the steamers this last year, and we would have to add ten dollars for steamships to take the same trip, but other prices remain fixed, and one conclusion forced upon us was that European travel need not cost much unless one can afford to make purchases for luxuries and stay at the finest hotels.

A few hints as to the method of procedure would be of interest to the reader. Questions are constantly being asked, such as the following:

How can one secure steamship tickets?

The following lines are all standard, and in writing to their agents do not fail to state that you want them to quote rates in the second cabin of the large steamers or in the one class cabin service. Smaller vessels have only the one class cabin service, which is called second cabin.

Montreal to Liverpool. Berths \$50.00.

Canadian Pacific Steamship Co., Montreal, Canada.

Allan Steamship Co., Montreal.

Dominion Steamship Co., Montreal.

New York to Liverpool. Berths \$50 to \$55.

The Cunard Steamship Co., New York City.

The White Star Line, 9 Broadway, New York.

Naples to New York. Berths \$67.50.

North German Lloyd Steamship Co., 5 Broadway, New York City.

Hamburg American Line, New York City.

The Cunard Steamship Co., New York City.

The White Star Line, New York City.

By writing to these companies and also consulting their local agents it will be a very easy matter to secure steamship accommodations at the above rates. It is exceedingly important to remember that during the rush season of summer it is almost impossible to secure any good accom-

modations. Berths should be secured far in advance. One should commence early in January selecting them. A deposit of \$10.00 will reserve any berth in the above cabins. Our experience taught us that even in March it was very difficult to secure the accommodations we wanted for July and August, owing to the tremendous business of the summer months.

At any other time of the year it is an easy matter to secure just the kind that you desire. A great many people ask about tips on the ocean liners. It is a fact that great stories have been told about the amount demanded by stewards on vessels. One dollar to each steward, including the deck steward, the cabin steward and the table steward, is all that is necessary, and they are generally quite satisfied with that. In the pensions there is quite a number who expect to be remembered with gratuities, but we escaped that difficulty by giving a certain per cent of the bill to the manager of the pension and he distributed it among the servants.

How to Carry Money.

American Express orders were very satisfactory. This company only charges fifty cents over the face value for each one hundred dollars taken, and their exchanges are found in every European city of note. It is a good thing to have mail directed in care of their offices, and by so doing it will be possible to save unnecessary trips.

How Do You Reach Your Pension?

Write a few days in advance reserving your room. This is important. Have a card on which you have written in round hand the name and location of your pension, and always take a cab from the station, showing this card to the cabman.

If the list of pensions in this book is not sufficient, then a fine list can be secured from the following places:

World's Union of Pensions, 77 Leopoldstrasse, Munich, Bavaria.

The Teacher's Guild of Great Britain, 74 Gower Street, W. C., London, England.

Women's Rest Tour Association, 11 Pinckney Street, Boston, Mass.

By reading their literature it is no dif-

ficult matter to select a suitable place at a reasonable rate. Baedeker's Books can be borrowed from any public library and they are crammed with the best of travel information. Distances, fares, hotels, means of travel are all found here, and an acquaintance with Baedeker is worth while.

A list of hotels and pensions in Switzerland can be obtained from the agent of the Swiss Federal Railroad, 241 Fifth avenue, New York City. He will tell of a special Swiss railway ticket which permits unlimited travel for a certain length of time over practically all of the railways of Switzerland. These tickets cost as follows:

First class, 15 days.....	\$18.24
Second class, 15 days.....	13.44
Third class, 15 days.....	9.60

They can be secured for a longer period of thirty or forty-five days. Information of all kinds concerning Swiss travel is given freely in answer to a letter addressed to this Swiss railroad agent in New York.

Railway tickets can be purchased at each station, but at times one is tempted to lose one's temper in the process. A much

better way is to take advantage of the coupon tickets sold by Thomas Cook and Son, of New York City. You have only to outline your tour and they will supply you with a book of tickets which permits stop-over at each point of interest. These tickets are just as cheap as those you purchase yourselves and sometimes they are cheaper. On the continent of Europe an extra charge is made for all baggage which you do not take into the compartment, hence the necessity of simply traveling with a suit case.

Speaking about railway tickets. The traveler who returns from Liverpool to New York can save \$4.10 by having the return steamship ticket read from London to New York. Then when in London one has simply to ask for a free ticket to Liverpool which is freely given, and which permits stop over at Stratford on Avon and other points of interest between London and Liverpool.

Passports are not necessary for travel in Europe, though at times they may be of great service in securing registered letters. Passing the Customs abroad is a very sim-

ple affair, and even returning to New York or any American port of entry the traveler can bring in purchases to the value of \$100, providing that they have been purchased for his own use.

Many people take a great deal of baggage on such a trip, but we took all we needed in suit cases, and did not suffer any lack. Such things as tips did not amount to much. It was the plan to give from five to ten per cent of the bill to the proprietor to be divided among the servants in the pensions. The incidental expenses were very small through necessity. Living in a ministers family had taught economy. Of course one could spend a fortune in European travel, but those whose means are limited can also see the great art treasures and study the history of the places visited on a very limited amount of money. English is spoken throughout Europe, along the beaten track.

Isn't it strange that New York should seem so beautiful to an incoming American? Yet it does, for after all there is no place like home, and as you stand on the

deck of the ocean greyhound as she slowly enters port you think of the words of Henry Van Dyke:

“For London is a man’s town, there’s power in the air,
And Paris is a woman’s town, with flowers in her hair;
It’s fine to loaf in Venice, and great to study Rome,
But when it comes to living, there is no place like home.

So it’s home again, and home again,
America for me!
My heart is turning home again, to God’s countrie;
To the blessed land of room enough, beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunshine, and the flag is full of stars.”

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